The World.

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THE NEW YORK ICE HABIT.

CONCERNING the menace of a probable short supply of ice for the coming summer, the President of the Knickerbocker Ice Company has suggested that the best time for economizing on ice is now. He is quoted as saying: "Only notice how in any hotel your drinking water in these cold days comes to your table literally stacked with chunks of ice. Order a dish of clams and it will come to you covered with a great heap of chipped or broken ice. Ice is wasted in a thousand ways in these cool days when it is not needed, and in the hot months of summer the city pays the piper."

The wasteful use of ice thus lamented by the man of business may be further lamented as a shameful use of it by the epicure. The fashion of over-icing nearly all kinds of drinks and many kinds of foods kills the delicate flavors and savors that are dear to sensitive palates. No man can enjoy an oyster or a clam when the chill of ice numbs his sense of taste. Nor can he rightly enjoy white wine or even beer as it is ordinarily served, cold as the Antarctic blasts.

We have developed among us a race of ice fiends. They waste it at home and clamor for it when they go abroad. They even demand it in Parisian cafes, which is worse than asking for a home-made sandwich at a banquet. Who shall cure New York of the ice habit will be a benefactor, but he will probably be crucified first.

SPEEDY BUT INACCURATE.

ACCORDING to what are called "scientific measurements in education" applied to large numbers of public school pupils in this and eighteen other cities, some of which are in Great Britain, it has been found that New York school children are slightly quicker than those of other cities, but show less accuracy and "are very poor in reasoning."

As our school children represent nearly all races, and comparatively few of them are New Yorkers of more than a second generation, it is not likely the differences noted are due to race or to environment. That we should be quicker than Philadelphia and Boston is pleasing, and so appears natural and right, but that we should be less accurate than Chicago and poorer reasoners than Kansas City needs explanation.

Perhaps the school training is defective. Every childhood defect is blamed on the schools in these days. And perhaps the eagerness of pupil, parent, teacher and taxpayer to get every child through school as quickly as possible has put upon speed a premium other cities do not offer.

THE PROSPECT OF HOME RULE.

WITH the prospect that the Wagner Committee of the Legislature and the Curran Committee of the Board of Aldermen will agree that what New York needs is not more legislation but less of it, we have a glimmer of dawn through the fogs of local politics.

Gladstone's oft-quoted statement that the most important reforms in Great Britain in his time were caused not by the enactment of new laws but by repealing old ones may be pertinently recalled in this issue.

It is a continually recurring evil that all forms of social development are blocked from period to period by masses of legislation enacted in former periods. Acts and statutes that in themselves would be fairly beneficial become harmful by reason of their complication with other acts and statutes. Governmental chimney cleaning becomes necessary every now and again. It is, therefore, gratifying to have this prospect of agreement as to the need of such cleaning now with respect to the New York police. Publicity and home rule are worth a trial. The contrary tactics have produced scandals enough.

ONE EXCUSE FOR MANY SINS.

PRESIDENT WILSON is reputed to be giving small consideration to the wealth of candidates for foreign missions, whether Consulates or Ambassadorships. This will probably precipitate a new agitation for higher salaries for such offices. It seems unavoidable in the present mood of the public mind. Those that investigate wayward girls attribute the evil to the small wages paid, and some of the investigators of the police scandals reached a conclusion that grafting is due to the inability of policemen to live on their pay. May it not be urged also that legislators boodle only because of inadequate salaries, and that the reason certain high financiers are holding up the city on the subway deal is a lack of income sufficient to maintain their families according to conventional standards?

The theories have the advantage of simplicity and of affording justification for almost any kind of sin in almost any rank of society or office. Neither any man nor any woman ever had quite enough to live on. That so many remain moral in spite of such handicap may be taken, according to the current dogma, as evidence of a kindly providence. It is a motley company that preaches it. They come from palaces and from purlieus; some are courtiers, some are courtesans, some are princes, some are policemen; but all agree with Becky Sharp: "I could be good on five thousand a year."

The Day's Good Stories

New Light on Socrates.

THE misunderstanding of words frequently causes strange answers. A child who has been taught that Socrates had a wife who was unpleasant to him, and that the great philosopher drank hemlock, when asked the cause of his death, replied:

"Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."—Strand Magazine.

She Could't Believe It.

SENATOR VEST, while travelling in the West, once met an old woman who regarded him curiously.

"And so you're Senator Vest, the great Senator?" she asked.

"I'm Senator Vest," he replied, bowing.

"Well, well," she exclaimed, edutemptuously, "after all I've heard about you, I never'd a thought it."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Know-Nothing.

SECRETARY WILSON praised the modern, scientific method of farming that has given the farmer motor cars, player-pianos, telephones and talking machines.

"These innovations," he said, "have caused, however, in the remote districts an occasional embarrassment. It's like the case of the farmer who fitted up his house with electric bells.

"A neighbor stalled on this farmer one hot Sunday afternoon in August. All the windows were open, and through one of them the back of the farmer's head was visible, but the front door with its electric bell remained closed.

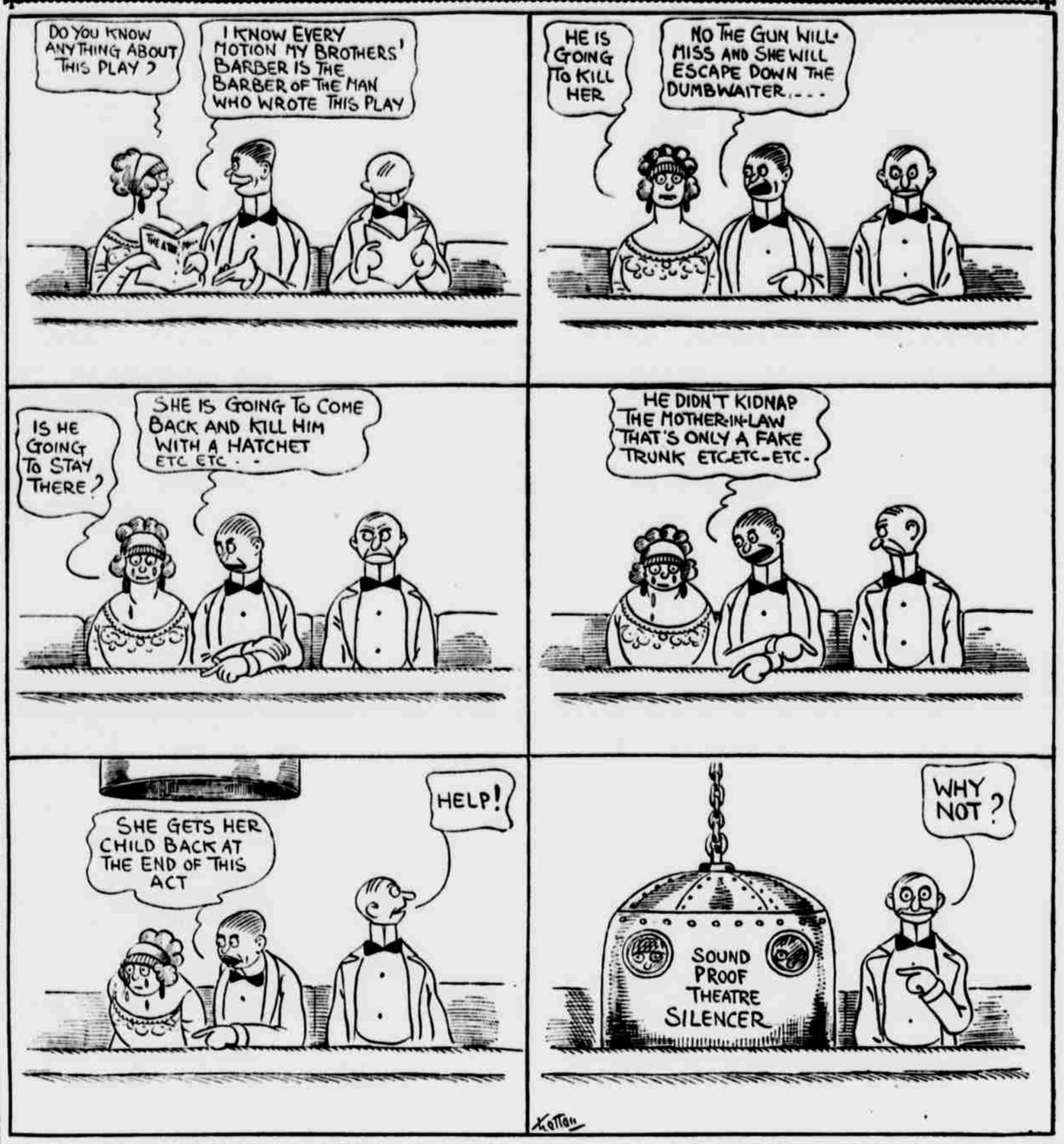
"The neighbor knocked on the door. No response. He knocked again. Still no response. He knocked very loud and long.

"Then the farmer stuck his face, crimson with fury, out of the window.

"'Ring the bell, confound ye!' he yelled. 'Don't ye know nothin'?'"—Washington Post.

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



Women Who Helped Build America

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 19—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, Who Made American Genius Honored in Europe.

A YOUNG American actress landed in England in 1845. Over there she was unknown, also she was almost penniless.

Europeans in those days looked sneeringly upon art, music, drama and literature that came from America. Emerson and a very few other writers had roused some sort of respect for our literature, but that an American could be a great stage artist seemed unbelievable to the British.

The woman who had crossed the ocean to prove to them their mistake and to make American genius honored throughout the world was Charlotte Saunders Cushman, offspring of the oldest New England Puritan stock. When her father, a Boston merchant, lost his money and died, she scandalized her Puritan neighbors by refusing to settle down as a school teacher—the only "genteel" profession at that time open to women of good family. Charlotte declared she was going to make her living as a grand opera singer. This was in 1835, when she was but nineteen. And now came the first of the countless setbacks and misfortunes that were to darken all her strange life.

Scarcely had she made her debut in opera at New Orleans when her singing voice gave out. She lost all power to sing. Instead of going back home discouraged she turned to the dramatic stage, and a few weeks later she was playing Lady Macbeth. She scored an instant hit.

A Chain of Hard Luck.

Then followed a series of parts ranging from high tragedy to low comedy, until the girl decided that she was best fitted by nature to be a tragedienne. She was not beautiful. She was not even pretty. Her figure and her eyes were her only beauties. But her voice—a deep contralto—was wonderful and she had a nameless magnetic power by which at will she could stir an audience to hysterics or to breathless horror.

After a few months in New Orleans she came to New York—and to further misfortune. Scarce had she signed a three-year contract to star at a local theatre when she fell ill. Before she could recover her health the theatre burned down, destroying the theatrical wardrobe for which she had spent all her earnings.

As soon as she was well enough to act again she took a "utility" position in a stock company, and there played minor parts until the illness of the star gave her an eleventh-hour chance at a leading role. Almost at once she found herself the most famous actress in America.

Then it was that she set out to conquer Europe. It was a Herculean task. London managers sneered at her because she was an American, and for a long time would not give her an engagement. Meanwhile, she lived in a garret on a diet of one chop a day. At last she persuaded a manager to engage her. Her first performance carried London off its feet. Wealth and adulation and boundless renown were hers. All Europe went mad over her. From that moment the standard of American art was raised toward its present pinnacle.

Not content with the range of stellar parts open to women, Miss Cushman electrified the world by appearing as Hamlet, Romeo, Claude Melnotte and other masculine roles. Her Romeo was the sensation of the London season, her younger sister playing Juliet. This same sister's unfortunate marriage and other family troubles followed to mar the joys of hard-won victory.

Miss Cushman was an ardent patriot. When the civil war was at its height she came back to America and travelled from city to city giving benefits to thronged houses for the sick and wounded Union soldiers. She contributed nearly $9,000 to the Sanitary Commission alone.

The "Farewell" Idea.

A few years later her overwrought strength began to fail. She announced her farewell performances. (It was Charlotte Cushman, by the way, who started the continuous "farewell performance" She had no less than seven such "farewells" in less than seven years.) At her New York "farewell" the theatre was packed to the roof, and 25,000 people gathered in the street outside, clamoring vainly for admittance.

Tiring of acting, Miss Cushman gave dramatic readings, which were as popular as her regular stage work had been. She gave the last of these readings in 1875, dying in Boston in 1876, in her sixtieth year.

Apart from lifting the art of acting to a higher plane and making Europe respect American artists, Miss Cushman by her blameless private life did much to wipe away the unjust stigma that used to cling to the women of her profession.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Mr. Jarr, as the Cupid of Harlem, Reunites Two Unloving Hearts.

"WELL," said Mr. Jarr, "I'm going out to bring in Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston. If you can entertain his wife in the parlor I shall at least invite the husband into the dining room."

"Where he'll feel at home—near the sideboard!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "However, I shall lock all the liquors up!"

"There aren't any," remarked Mr. Jarr, sadly.

"And a good thing!" was the reply. "Still, I would prefer you wouldn't bring that man Dinkston into this house. In the first place, he is a loafer, and in the second place, while his wife is here, although she has resumed her widow name, and it doesn't look proper."

"I care not for the conventions; all I ask is comfort," said Mr. Jarr. "It is generally the wife that drives the husband from his house, but in this case it will be the husband who drives the wife from my house. If Mrs. Gratch, or Mrs. Dinkston, or whatever she calls herself, comes down upon us to rest her poor, tired feet after her suffragette hike to Washington, and then announces she intends to honor us with a long visit, I'm going to do everything I know to cut that visit short!"

"Oh, dear! That is one of the drawbacks of living in a flat, having no spare room to entertain company," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "But your Uncle Henry and your Aunt Hetty, from Paw Paw, West Virginia, don't mind how they pack in on one"—

"Now you know Uncle Henry and Aunt Hetty are not from Paw Paw," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, I know that," said Mrs. Jarr; "but it's all the same. What I was going to say was that if we lived in a private house or even one of those nine-room apartments on the Drive, like the one Clara Mudridge-Smith lives in, paying a fortune in itself for rent, why, then we wouldn't feel so crowded and inconvenienced when we had company visiting us."

"I would feel just as crowded if Mrs. Gratch-Dinkston, the suffragette hiker-ette, was our visitor, if we resided in Madison Square Garden or had a cozy little nest of three hundred rooms with baths at the Waldorf," said Mr. Jarr. "And so, if you won't go in the front room and wake up the visitor and tell her to get off my davenport and give me a chance to rest my tired bones, I'll bring in the husband whom she fears."

"She doesn't exactly fear him," explained Mrs. Jarr. "But she says when he looks at her with those pathetic eyes of his, as he reads the 'Female Help Wanted' advertisements to her, the reproach in his glance cuts her to the quick."

"If she promised to support him in the style he expected she should have made good," said Mr. Jarr. "He tells me she doesn't even pay him his alimony regularly."

"Well, I'm sure it is all very confusing to me," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "They had an Ethical marriage, I believe they called it. And everything was topsy-turvy. She proposed to him, and he explained he was a philosopher and poet and must never have sordid themes obtruded upon him, as they shattered his inspiration and impaired his ideals."

"A big strong woman like her should be ashamed of herself!" said Mr. Jarr with mock indignation. "Do you know what I believe? I believe Mrs. Gratch has taken her widow name because she has deserted the trusting Mr. Dinkston. That's why she is hiding here. She should be out hustling for work to support her husband. It is a good thing he has no children."

"Do whatever you think best," said poor Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I don't know whether you are making fun or not, but all I do know is that the queerest people fasten themselves upon us."

"So you are satisfied if the suffragette lady cuts her visits short?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "it may sound inhospitable, but I do wish we had our house to ourselves. Even if she is a suffragette she should be with her husband. Still, if I had a larger place and a few spare bedrooms it would be nice to have some congenial company or even a nice boarder"—

"Say no more!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "Something tells me Mr. Dinkston is at Gus's. I'll bring him right in, and then they'll both make a getaway when they see each other."

Strange enough, Dr. Dinkston WAS at Gus's. Mr. Jarr brought him right in. At sight of him Mrs. Gratch gave a shriek. "Angelo!" she cried.

"Zenobia, my darling!" exclaimed Mr. Dinkston. And they flew to each other's arms.

When they were calmer they told Mr. Jarr that, to show him how they appreciated his efforts to bring about a reconciliation, they would stay right there for a good long visit!

Symbolic.

"Why did they put a buffalo and an Indian on the new money?"

"In token of the two things that American money has made extinct."

Guidebook to Gallantry.

By Alma Woodward.

SUBWAY DEPORTMENT.

ALWAYS have a yard or two of subway tickets in the most inaccessible pocket of your clothing, so that instead of keeping the lady whom you're escorting waiting in line, while you purchase two tickets, you and she may be individual obstructions, to be buffeted and tossed by the flood of fleeing humanity while you keep saying, in piteous accents:

"I KNOW I have a whole lot of them SOMEwhere! I bought a dollar's worth this morning."

She will admire the wisdom that makes you lay in a stock in advance—it saves so much time—and shows, besides, that you're rich enough to invest in future transportation even though you may not live to enjoy it.

As the expresses with their compressed and writhing contents shriek by, it is in order to say:

"Isn't it wonderful? No matter how many new subways, surface lines, bridges, &c., we build, they're all overcrowded. New York is a wonderful place!"

You say this if you're in good humor. If you're in bad humor you grind out:

"Do you know, they wouldn't stand for this in any other city of the world? You may say Europeans are not progressive, but let me tell you that no city in Europe'd stand for this for a minute—we're a lot of hooks!"

This informational knowledge of yours will impress her wonderfully and also, in her timid fear of your starting something right on the spot with the guard (who is six feet three), she may lay a slender, restraining hand on your arm.

When you enter the crowded express, to show how much you think of her, attempt to rope off, with your arms, a space in which she can move freely and be protected from the proximate passengers. This will result in some unpleasant little happenings for you.

You will receive osteopathic treatment, in violent doses, from people all around. Garlic-bearing waves of atmosphere will be wafted to you weighted with candid and unflattering opinions of yourself. Your ten-cent "extra fine" shine will leave your shoes and become attached to the soles of a couple of dozen irate neighbors. And from the feeling in your feet will rise vague memories of the study of physics and the problem of the square inch will certain materials stand?

All this time that your being is being pried apart you must maintain a pink tea cast of countenance and pour forth an unending stream of useful information, padded with sweet nothings. When a sudden and severe smash in the region of the dorsal vertebrae comes to you, together with the words:

"Say, you fathead, if you don't move up we'll make headcheese of you by natural compression!"

When she gets a seat stand just before her and bend solicitously over her, saying things in such a subdued, intimate tone of voice that the person next to her (whose ear is growing out, visibly, from her head, in her endeavor to catch things) won't be able to hear a syllable. It'll get on her nerves and she'll either change her seat or get out at the next station.

Never yawn, even though there's an irresistible force drawing the corners of your mouth back toward your ears. It's humiliating for her to have people see how much you've paid the dentist in your lifetime. And if the man across the car looks too long and too admiringly at your girl let your critical gaze travel slowly from his feet to his face and back again, making your muzzled expression say:

"Can those feet belong to that face—and vice versa?"

Then call her attention to them. When you're getting near her station say in disgust:

"Well, if I had known for one minute that the subway was going to be as crowded as this we'd have taken a taxi, I tell you!"

If she's stuck on you she'll say: "Oh, George, you have such extravagant ideas. You spoil me terribly!" If she's NOT stuck she'll say: "I'll come up with you by taxi to-morrow night, kid!"

At the top of the steps offer to buy her a box of strawberries, a bunch of bananas, some celery, street flowers or anything else your eye may light on. Then suddenly discover you have nothing smaller than a twenty-dollar bill!

In parting from her at her door give her hand a meaningful pressure and sigh:

"Well, it doesn't really matter WHERE we are as long as we're together, does it?"

A Handful of Interesting Facts

(From The World Almanac.)

Fifty-two persons were lynched—three of whom were women—in the United States during the past year.

It is estimated that in 1911, when the last figures were obtainable, $141,296,209 was spent in the United States for the building of roads.

A the Johnson-Jeffries championship fight at Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910, the gate receipts amounted to $270,775—the largest ever taken in at a prize ring battle.

There are 670 members in the House of Commons, England.

Brazil, the largest of the South American countries, has a population of 20,615,000 and an area of 3,218,130 square miles.

There were 128 legal executions from Jan. 1 to Nov. 15, 1912, in the United States. During the preceding year there were 104.

The salary of a Cabinet member of the Federal Government is $12,000.

There are 477 majors in the United States Army.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States receives a salary of $15,000 a year, and the Associate Justices $14,500 each.

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 7789—Girl's Costume, 10 to 14 years.

SCHOOL girls are certain to like this frock which includes the newest features and is smart and pretty as can be, and, at the same time, is simple and girlish. The little V-shaped panel in the skirt and chemisette in the bodice allow effective use of a different material. The sleeves are of the one-piece sort joined to the blouse at the drooping shoulder line and they can be made either round or high with a stock collar. This frock is made of fine, blue French serge with blue and white trimming, and the model is just as pretty for crepe de Chine, which the girls are wearing so much. It would be very charming, however, developed in cotton crepe, in ratine, or cotton voile, and all these materials are to be extremely smart this season. Plain voile with the trimming portions of embroidered, would be very attractive. Satine with the same material in contrasting color would make an effective little frock. Some of the pretty new fabrics show tiny little dashes on a white ground. Blue ratine with a chemisette and material would be most attractive in a quaint and interesting way. The skirt is made in three pieces, and the blouse has only shoulder joined of this flowered and under-arm seams. The plaits at the back of the blouse and the back of the skirt are turned toward the centre, and beneath these the closing is made.

For the 12-year size will be needed 4 1-4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1-4 yards 36, or 2 7-8 yards 44, with 3-4 yard 27 for the trimming.

Pattern No. 7789 is cut for girls 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify [illegible]